The Liberalist

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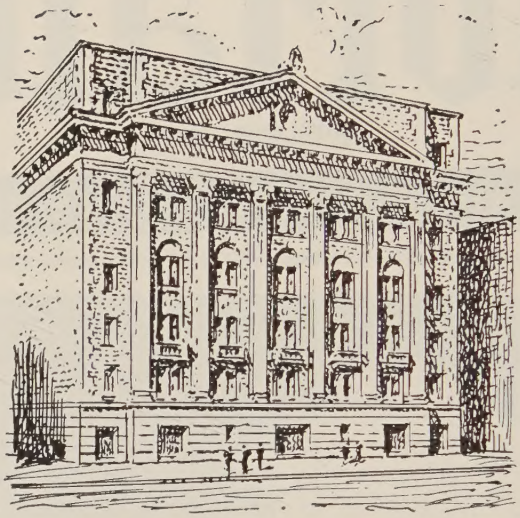
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

The foolish fears of what may happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God.

From "Out in the Fields With God." *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Tuesday, 11th June *(continued)*

ONE OF THE places at which we stopped today was the Unitarian church in Pladnone, Long Island, where the Reverend Robert Weary is the minister. I had known Mr. Weary when he was the minister of the Unitarian Church in Bloomington. The church building is comparatively new and ultra modern. A wealthy lady who was a member of the church, as I was told, donated the land and the building. The grounds are effectively landscaped. The church seems to nestle in a woodland glen. It is not large. It seemed to me two hundred people would crowd it to the doors. The pulpit is unusually plain and looks like a square box. The center table is flat, without any adornment whatever, as is the reading desk. The organ and organist are completely out of sight, by being recessed back of the pulpit. The decorations are severely plain, but effective. In the rear is a large fireplace, which creates the atmosphere of a large living room. It all seems quite congenial for a Unitarian worship service, but would be a little too modern for some. Nowhere in the church is there any more than a slight suggestion of anything ecclesiastically traditional.

I regretted Mr. Weary's absence. I should like to have renewed our friendship. I was informed the church is prospering, with large congregations present and an effective program of religious and social education.

Speaking of the traditional in ecclesiastic architecture, stepping from this church into the Russian Orthodox Church of our Lady of Kazan was like going from the 21st Century back to the 13th! The Russian church is hidden among a bower of lovely trees and shrubs. You could hardly find it from the highway; small, low ceilings, but typical Russian Orthodox architecture.

We met the Priest, Father Alexis, and found him to be a most personable man, classical face, long black hair, sparkling eyes, pleasing voice and speaking English unusually well. His house is alongside the church and is a modern home. Visiting him was another Russian Priest who is a missionary in Alaska, and who was accompanied by two young Alaskan Indians who were touring America for the last few months, telling our people the results of the Russian Orthodox mission in Alaska. He was a devout man, with a highly developed mystical spirit.

Father Alexis took us through the beautiful little church, sharing his many historic icons and other religious objets d'art. The smell of incense was strong and one could easily deduce that the sanctuary was a precious place to the members of the Russian Orthodox community in that part of Long Island.

There were no seats in the church. The congregation stands sometimes as long as three hours for a religious ceremony. I wonder how many people would come to the Peoples Church if they had to stand for only an hour's service. We shall never try the method to find out!

After dinner at the Three Villages we had a glorious ride back to Port Washington, over the winding roads of the picturesque North Shore of Long Island. I retired in a quiet room, amid woodland beauty and could almost feel I was on our own little Island in Lake Vermilion, instead of only a few miles

from the center of New York City. I am certain that if my work was in New York I should try to live on the North Shore of Long Island.

12th June.

Sailing day! The day for which I had planned for months. I was awake early and looking out of the window onto a lovely garden. I was certain the day would be warm, with sunshine and blue skies. It was—too warm, for the temperature was 88° as I boarded the "Britannic" at 2:30 this afternoon, at Pier 92 of the Hudson River. The drive after we neared the bridge was uncomfortable, congested and hazardous. Why do they drive so fast? Where are they going and what are they carrying that every driver revealed tension, anxiety, impatience and selfishness?

We stopped at the Plaza for a light lunch, then picked up Miss Sheila Hennessey, formerly of Chicago and now of New York, and a long time friend of Mr. Froelich's. I was very happy to have someone see me on the ship. Nearly every passenger had a party of friends and relatives on board, saying "bon voyage."

The ship presented the usual scene just before sailing. People crowded every public room, farewell parties all over everywhere. Much noise, shouting, singing and demonstrative farewells. When the warning "all visitors ashore" was given throughout the ship there was bedlam at the gangways, as hundreds of visitors left. Precisely at 4:00 o'clock the siren sounded, the tug responded and the ship slowly started backing out of the pier. There were songs from the pier and yards of many colored paper ribbon thrown from ship to shore (an appropriate ceremony symbolizing the breaking of home ties).

I stood alone on the sun deck watching it all with my heart a little sad. Before me was the Atlantic, behind me everything precious to me! Slowly we turned down the river, by the Statue of Liberty. I always wait until I have greeted her before I go below. The ride to the Ambrose Lightship was interesting as always; the traffic in the ship's lane fascinating. Past the great buildings on the lower Manhattan and then the open sea, at the Ambrose Lightship. Here you feel for the first time the inevitable swells of the great waters and the ship responds with a gentle roll. You know then you are at sea.

I went down to my room feeling a trifle sad, to open my letters and telegrams. There were many. It is nice to read the messages and letters of best wishes for your safety and a hope that you will come back to those who love you and cherish your friendship. After dinner, which is eaten at 7:45 p.m., I took a long walk around the Promenade Deck. The air is much cooler and I have never seen a more beautiful moon, shining out of a deep azure sky. I stood at the rail and drank in its beauty. It made a path of tremulous gold right to the ship. One seemed translated into another world. A throbbing ship with more than a thousand souls on board, a moonlight night and a gently rolling sea. New York seems a year away and I have left it only a matter of a few hours. Loved ones seem near and memories "blend and burn." Mysterious and wondrous sea! Here my home will be for eight days. I cannot comment on the ship as yet, as we are not sufficiently acquainted. This is my first trip on this ship and it takes a few days for acquaintanceship to deepen into friendship. I am retiring reasonably early, as I am quite tired, and am confident sleep will come easily. May the sea be as kind on the whole passage as it is tonight!

13th June.

What relief from the heat of New

York! Was up early this morning and took a long walk around the Promenade Deck—six times around is one mile. I hope to walk about four miles a day on the way to Ireland. There is no better form of exercise than walking. It is almost a lost art with Americans and they are paying for it with their poor health. We ran into fog most of the day —the ship's siren has been going all afternoon and most of the evening. I cannot hear it in my cabin but it never disturbs me anyway. Have been walking and reading most of the day. The great ship "Queen Elizabeth" overtook us during the night. She left New York about three hours after we sailed. June and I are returning to the United States on her and we are anticipating an interesting voyage. I have kept out of every form of the ship's life so far and I propose to do so the remainder of the voyage. Only two women from Chicago Heights have spoken to me on deck. I married their brother to his wife some years ago. I do not know a single soul on the ship. That means a good rest for me. There are many Roman priests and nuns aboard and about two-thirds of the passengers are getting off at Cobh, Ireland.

Tonight before I retire I must set the clock ahead one hour. We will lose an hour every day for five days. Unless you rearrange your schedule you feel the loss of these hours after you have crossed the Atlantic. I go to bed an hour earlier and it works no hardship. I went over the library list of books in the ship's library and it is a poor selection. I am going to find out who selects the books for ships' libraries. This library has fewer good titles than the "Mauretania" and the library on that fine ship is wholly inadequate. I selected three books which I am reading, "A Sojourn in England," by J. Delves-Broughton; "Stories of the Sea," selected by that master of writing about the sea, William McFee; and a novel, "The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit," by Sloan Wilson. The latter was much talked about and widely read in the U.S., but I had never read it. I thought this would be a good time to do so. Just before going down to my room to write these observations and then go to bed, I took another walk around the deck. All the Promenade Deck is teeming with social life—games and dancing in all the public rooms. Tomorrow you will not see them until about noon: I sometimes wonder why some people ever take an ocean trip. They seldom see the ocean and never the dawn! Early morning is the most bewitching hour at sea. Our glorious full moon which was so wonderful last night is hidden by clouds and fog tonight—too bad.

14th June.

A restful and relaxing day at sea. The weather is very stifling. I read and worked most of the day. I am meeting few people on this ship. Did not visit with any passenger today. We overtook two ships—a tanker on our port side and a United States Lines freighter on the starboard. I watched them through my binoculars. It is always an exciting experience to meet other ships at sea. We have had a wide variety of weather today: brilliant sunshine, fog and rain. Tonight the wind shifted and the ship has a slight roll. We did 412 miles yesterday and are now more than a thousand miles from New York. The usual gaiety is everywhere on the ship. Many college students are on board. I talked to one gentleman who is a member of the publishing firm of Houghton & Mifflin, who is giving his son a European trip. A lady is accompanying her daughter on a European trip given the daughter as a graduation present. Fortunate

youngsters! I hope they will appreciate the opportunity and not think of it as a social whirl. I shall never forget what my first trip, taken in 1914, meant to me. Every minute of the way in Britain and on the Continent was filled with literary and historic interest. Travel may be the finest education in the world or it may develop only snobs.

15th June.

Another restful day at sea! No fog, no sea—all day the Atlantic has been as calm as Lake Vermilion. Read most of the day in my deck chair and tonight my face is a brilliant red—about the color of a well done, boiled lobster, from the sunshine. I was invited by the Chief Engineer, Mr. Williams, to his cabin at 7:00 tonight, where I met Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, from England, who have been visiting in the United States, and a young lady from Scotland, who has been attending school in America. There are many priests and nuns aboard who are returning to Ireland for a visit. This evening a Reverend Dr. Flynn, from Duluth, introduced himself to me. He seemed to know all about our work from mutual friends. He introduced me to four other priests—one from Texas. We had an interesting visit about Billy Graham. They are all saying masses in the morning, beginning at 6:00 a.m., but I shall be conspicuous by my absence. I plan to attend the 11 a.m. Anglican service. Tonight about 11 we overtook another ship going eastward. I have seen more ships on this crossing than on any I have ever made. I am surprised the freighters are in this lane. Most unusual. Finished "The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit" today. Most interesting. I just put my watch ahead another hour. One begins to notice this daily one hour advance. Am very much impressed with the Chief Engineer. Officers of the Cunard Line are all a superior type of person. One feels safe and confident, knowing their character and experience.

Sunday, 16th June.

If it is at all possible I always attend some religious service on Sunday, today no exception. The Anglican service was held in the Grand Hall. Seats were arranged and a temporary altar set up, which created the atmosphere of a church. Precisely at 11 this morning the pages and staff took their places and all arose as the officers came down the aisle and took their places behind the altar. They were quite impressive in their white uniforms. The music was furnished by the five-piece orchestra of the ship. It was clearly evident they were not too familiar with the hymns and responses. They also played a prelude before the processional. The service was read by the First Officer and the scripture by a member of the Engineer's staff. The room was overcrowded. Somehow I did not experience the same spiritual uplift which I have in some services at sea. The congregational singing was listless and the entire service was not very impressive. Hearing the ancient and noble words of the morning service was the most beneficial part of the service. However, I am glad I went and I did receive some help. There was no sermon. One of the hymns was the well known Navy Hymn. It is known and loved by all who follow the sea.

Today was mostly cloudy and overcast, with some fog. A strong northeast wind has been blowing most of the day. The ship has had an aft sea which has caused some rolling. I read and walked most of the afternoon. Tonight I went to see the picture "Friendly Persuasion" and enjoyed it. It has an important truth for us all. I was particularly interested in Anthony Perkins,

as he is a product of Rollins College and did his first dramatic work there. Dr. and Mrs. Constable know him well and speak most highly of him. I met him in San Francisco when I appeared on a TV program with him. I am sure he has a great future as an actor. The ship is rolling considerably as I write. It has turned quite cold. We are in the North Atlantic. It will be a good night for sleeping. It is a relief to leave behind the oppressive heat of New York.

Monday, 17th June.

Was awakened this morning about 7:00 o'clock by the ship's siren. Wondered for a moment what had happened. There were three long blasts, which is a salute to another ship. I heard three blasts, which was the answer from the other ship. Then we returned with one blast—the other ship responded with one blast, and with this "hello" between them we soon were leaving the other ship behind. It was a small ship with only two hatches and was rolling in the heavy aft sea. I never cease to marvel at the courage of the men who go to sea in such tiny craft. The ship was not much larger than a Great Lakes tug, yet here it was in mid-Atlantic! I talked to the Captain tonight about it. He did not know the name of the ship nor the port to which she was bound. I saw two other ships today on the horizon. One doesn't usually see many ships in mid-Atlantic. Tonight I was invited to the Captain's cabin for a social session. Met several other unusually nice people. Our Captain is a most interesting man and has a storehouse of many unusual stories about the sea and the people he has carried. He told me of the pleasant trip he had when Mrs. Edward J. Kelly—the wife of our former Mayor—was aboard, and how her interest in canteen work had endeared her to many British soldiers and sailors during World War II. He is one of the best story-tellers I have ever met. His Lancashire dialect is faultless. He is a delightful, kindly, affable and gracious man and loves his ship. He has spent seven years on the "Britannic" and never ceases to praise its stolidity and sea-worthiness under any conditions. After dinner I walked about two miles and came down to my cabin to retire, as we lose another hour tonight. Already we have turned the clock ahead four hours. The sea has been kind today; not too much sun but a typical North Atlantic day.

Tuesday, 18th June.

Was earlier than usual for breakfast this morning. I read too long last night. There was a great deal of hilarity in the corridor about 3:00 this morning. I was awakened out of a sound sleep. I lit my reading light and read for about an hour.

Spent another restful day at sea. Some fog and intermittent sunshine. Tonight was gala night, which used to be called "The Captain's Dinner." Everyone wore funny (?) hats, batted balloons around, blew whistles and "a good time was had by all." I spent over an hour with Capt. Caunce on the aft deck, having a wonderful visit, while the passengers were all in the lounge watching the parade of the most original hats. Most of our conversation was about the late Mrs. Ed. Kelly, wife of former Mayor Kelly. Mrs. Kelly made a long cruise on this ship and became a very good friend of our Captain. He visited the Kelly home in Chicago while his ship was in New York. It was a most interesting visit. Mrs. Kelly was a most remarkable woman and cared little for the limelight of public life.

Another fine couple I have enjoyed is Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Morgan, who

(*Continued on page* 16)

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

OPENING SUNDAY IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

LAWRENCE AT SHERIDAN

1957-1958 Season

Sunday, September 15th, 1957

DR. BRADLEY on "SO, YOU'VE BEEN ABROAD!"

Rev. Preston Bradley, LL.D., DD., Pastor

Rev. Virgil A. Kraft, M.A., B.D., Assistant Minister

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Bennett, Ministers of Music

Mr. Rex Styzens, Seminarian and Director of Religious Education

Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent of Church School

* * *

Sunday Morning Service ..... 11:00 a.m

Sunday Morning Service Broadcast, WAIT ..... 1:00 p.m.

Vesper Broadcast, WCFL (Opens October 6th) ..... 5:30 p.m.

Sunday Evening Service (Opens November 3rd) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures, 1st Weds. of month,
Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb., Mar. and April ..... 8:00 p.m.

* * *

Dr. Bradley's Opening Subjects:

Sept. 15—"So, You've Been Abroad!"

Sept. 22—"Why Europeans Don't Like Us"

Sept. 29—"Exchange People Instead of Bombs"—
A Plan for World Peace

* * *

Our Church has the following organizations to serve you:

Church Choir
Channing Club (Young Adults)
Men's Club
Woman's Club
Ushers Club
Business Woman's Club
Senior Girl Scouts
Intermediate Girl Scouts
Brownie Scouts

Church membership not necessary for uniting with any organization.

OPENING EVENTS

Opening Luncheon of the Woman's Club will be held on Monday, September 23rd, in Anderson Hall of the Peoples Church, at 12:00 o'clock. Guest speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley. Honored guest, Mrs. Preston Bradley.

* * *

Opening meeting of the Men's Club will be held Tuesday evening, September 24th, in Anderson Hall of the Peoples Church, at 8:00 o'clock. Guest speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley.

* * *

Opening dinner of the Professional and Business Woman's Club will be held Wednesday, September 25th, 6:30 p.m., at Lewis Towers, 830 N. Michigan Avenue. Guest speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley.

* * *

For events of the young adults group, the Channing Club, write Donald W. Ruden, Secretary, 857 W. Lawrence Avenue, 'phone UPtown 8-6599.

* * *

46TH ANNUAL BAZAAR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Thursday and Friday, November 14th and 15th

The yearly opportunity for the members and friends of the Peoples Church to show their interest in and love for their church and its pastor is our Annual Bazaar.

Begin making your plans now—plans to help—to bring your contributions—to do your Christmas shopping—to invite your friends to the family dinners held each night. If every member will make a contribution to each of our booths, the Bazaar will be an outstanding success.

Kitchenware, food, canned goods, candy, linens, jewelry, women's accessories, men's accessories, books, cameras and camera supplies, toys, radios, TV sets, quilts, towels, rugs will be available—and there will be many prizes of great value to be won.

Bring your gifts to the church office or telephone LOngbeach 1-6878.

Let us all help the General Chairman of the Bazaar, Mrs. Harry D. Stone, RAvenswood 8-7912.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

OUR broadcast of the services of the Peoples Church of Chicago is now the oldest continuous church broadcast in the United States. It has been sustained by the listeners—those who were interested in the good we were trying to do. Broadcast costs have been rising constantly and will rise still higher.

I wish in a world like this that I could be twenty-one again! So that must mean I have kept my dreams. And there isn't much time left to make those dreams come true any more. Until the last breath of my body those dreams will haunt me; and I am not sure but that as long as our dreams can haunt us, there is a great compensation in being a dreamer.

After all these years I still come before a microphone with fear and trembling. I never leave a broadcast or a service of my church without being in agony for hours after the service, because it wasn't better—because I said something I ought not to have said, or I left out something I ought to have said.

When I look into the two red eyes of a television camera, and I see them turned on me, I do not see the eyes of a mechanical thing in a studio, they are the eyes of a million people. And whether it is to a live congregation or to the congregation I envision in those two red eyes of the studio, I breathe a little prayer: "Oh, Lord, give me the power and the strength and the vision not to let them down!"

I know not why it is that in order to get on a national hook-up one must live in New York or Hollywood. The great preachers today who have been given national opportunity are all New Yorkers! The attitude seems to be that there aren't any preachers in Chicago who are worth listening to. Of course, maybe they are not so far wrong! However, I have tried to do in my little sphere the best I could. In a recent week I traveled over a thousand miles on the Northwestern Railroad—the next week over a thousand miles on the Illinois Central—and people come up to me and tell me how I have helped them—nearly every time I enter a Pullman car a porter comes up to me and says "Dr. Bradley, you'll never know what your broadcasts have meant to my mother and to my family." And that is my recompense!

So with courage and fortitude, with the poet Browning, I "face the future with a cheer!"

"THE MOTHER-LOVE OF GOD"

By REV. WILNA L. CONSTABLE
of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida
April 28, 1957

(Introduction by Dr. Preston Bradley: We welcome to our pulpit, as the preacher of the morning, the Rev. Wilna L. Constable, who has served churches in many parts of the world. Mrs. Constable is the second woman preacher to ever stand in this pulpit. The first was the Rev. Wilma Lapalla, whom some of you will remember, from Finland, who was one of the great woman preachers of our Liberal faith. We have another one for the service this morning. She's going to speak to us on the interesting subject THE MOTHER-LOVE OF GOD. Mrs. Constable)

WE are so glad to be here again in the Peoples Church. It's a great joy to be with our great friends, the Bradleys, and it's a great privilege to worship with you in this great church and it's a very great honor to be allowed to speak from this pulpit.

I have taken for our consideration three texts from the Bible. The first, from the First Epistle of John, which we read for our Lesson: "We love Him, because He first loved us." The other from St. Matthew: "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stoneth them which were sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wing, and ye would not!" And then from Isaias: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, saith our God!" And I have put these three texts together, because I think they convey to our minds and our hearts differing, but harmonious, concepts of the mother-love of God for humanity. "We love Him because He first loved us." Or as a truer translation has it: "We love, because He first loved us." There, surely, speaks the very heart and essence of motherhood! It is the creative and the creating mother-love that prepares the first cradle for the spirit of the child, as well as the first nest for its body. "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stoneth them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathers her chickens under her wing, and ye would not!" There, surely, in the words of Jesus, we have an expression of the mothering love that would shelter and guide, and yet often has to look on with breaking heart while the children of that love wander far from it! "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, saith our God!" There, surely, speaks a love that never tires and never despairs!

I think we are realizing today how much the church, and particularly the orthodox church, has lost in the past because only one-half of humanity has been represented in her councils and in her doctrinal teaching. After all, how could she give to the world a full and adequately human idea of God and of religion when one-half, and that the teaching and the mother-half, was left out from her government and her administration! And this has vitally touched all our thinking about God and has resulted in giving us an idea of "God-head" that is, essentially,

masculine! And it certainly adds to our confusion of thought that our English language has only three genders of pronoun—masculine, feminine and neuter—but when we refer to God in the Third Person we need a common gender! But, fortunately, we're not faced with this incongruity so much in prayer, as "thee", "thine" and "thou" have no such distinction. But when we come to apply such a term as "father" to God, even with all its wonderful tenderness and meaning, are we not conscious of something inadequate, even in that dear term! God's relationship to us is quite as much that of a mother as of a father! God is the great mother-heart as well as the father-power of the universe, and we want a term that embraces both! "We love, because He first loved us." Surely that is the very essence and heart of motherhood in creative love!

Now do you glimpse just a little of what the church has lost and how she, sometimes, had a wrong emphasis in her dogmas, doctrines and theories about God? Could a woman's mind and heart have dogmatized upon hell and everlasting punishment for those who were the children of the great power behind all? Could a woman have made God as terrible and unapproachable as the Calvinist school pictured Him to be? Would children, children in Christian homes, such as my own Scots-Presbyterian home, ever have come to the point that I came to, of loving Jesus but being afraid of God, if there had been some teaching given then of God as the great mother-heart of the world as well as the great judge and strong might of the universe? I've talked with many folk brought up in such Calvinistic homes, now middle-aged and thinking for themselves, and they've said to me: "Of course, I no longer believe in hell, but I still fear it!" So deep go those first impressions of childhood and cover the whole of life!

I sometimes wonder whether the place given by our Roman Catholic brethren to the Virgin Mary is not just an expression of this deep need of the human heart; that the idea of the fatherhood of God fails to quite fully express God to man. Much as we may disagree with the idea of the Virgin Mother, surely we can recognize in it that deep need to find in God that mothering love that always cares and always understands! Of course, it's true that the womanly element in the character of Jesus has always been recognized, sometimes even to exaggeration in the art of the Middle Ages. That element was strongly marked in the character of Jesus—it's that which makes Him such a perfect example for woman, as well as for man! But the idea of the mothering love of God gives us a concept of Him that's satisfying to the thought and to the moral law of our nature and to the deepest experiences of the human soul. It assures us of a love, deep and unchanging! It implies that God is bound up in our being or, rather, we in His, for in Him we live and move and have our being! That, again, is the essence of motherhood!

When a youth or maiden leaves home for the first time and goes out to face the world alone, what is missed most of all is the sympathy and the understanding of the mother left in the home! It's then that a faith in the mothering love of God is most needed and most precious! Then, in the first loneliness, to feel sure that there is a mind that perfectly understands and a heart that perfectly and unchangingly loves, that makes us strong to face all disillusionment and disappointment and to keep untarnished the

soul's integrity and its courage!

There are those who say that if we change the church emphasis on the teaching of God from the inexorable judge to this mothering love it will mean a sentimental religion. One great preacher said: "No one's afraid of God nowadays!" and said it regretfully! That's an aspect that may present itself to some minds. Now a concept of God as one who simply enforces the moral law, enforces it by threats or by fear of punishment, whether here or hereafter, will never produce a true reverence for God nor give the true value of religion to any heart! The fear with which a criminal regards his judge may have no moral element in it whatsoever, and the fear with which men have regarded God as the great Judge has often had no moral element in it and, in the long run, been degrading to man's moral nature!

To take a simple illustration: the fear that a boy has for a parent because he fears punishment for his wrong doing—that has little moral value; but the fear that a boy has lest his mother should be grieved and heartbroken at his wrongdoing—that is a moral force second only to the Grace of God! Fear that the heart of God will be pained by our misdeeds and our shortcomings—that is the beginning of wisdom and the threshold of true morality! "We love, because He first loved us!" A mother's love will often hold a child to the path of virtue long after that mother has passed from the earth, and it's through love like that that we come to know and understand that love is the most enduring and wonderful thing in the world; that love is the only power that can hold the world to God, and that God needs and God uses no other power but love!

This is how a modern writer has put it: "If a man has sinned deeply, we should be sorriest for him when he comes to tell his mother, for until he stands before the great white throne he will know no more awful judgment than her slowly whitening face and saddening eyes as she listens to his tale. And if, at the end, she should stoop and kiss him as she did when he was a little child that kiss will burn him like fire and melt all the hardness of his heart!" That, surely, is God's way with us! He does not need to smite us with His lightnings or blind us with His wrath, it's more than enough if He will but let us glimpse His sorrowing and suffering love! And only some such realization can guarantee the world's redemption!

As we look at our human world today, with its widespread misery, its brutal conditions of war, its insane lust for power, what hope is there for our future? Ever more force balancing against force; ever more balances of power toppling down, crushing the life and happiness of mankind. There's no end to that road; there's no end to the race for power, and no spiritual conquest in the dependence on force alone! You remember how St. Paul put it: "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

Surely, today, we are witnessing that travail of creation of which St. Paul wrote, and the travail is in the heart of God as well as in the lives of men! That travail of creation is the saving sorrowfulness of the mother-heart of God for children gone astray in the darkness of fear and hate! Surely nothing can explain the long, slow, upward moral progress of man except the concern and travail of some great mothering love that broods lovingly over the callous human heart until, at

(*Continued on page* 15)

A Letter Direct From A Hurricane Zone

(The following first letter was received by Dr. Bradley while he and Mrs. Bradley were abroad and was not received by the Assistant to the Editor in time to be placed in the August number. It is from Mrs. Harry D. Stone, General Chairman of our Bazaar and immediate Past President of the Woman's Club. So many of our members have met Mrs. Stone's mother, Mrs. Jackson, who comes up from Monroe, Louisiana, each year to visit her daughter and son-in-law, that many inquiries were made of Mrs. Stone as to her mother's and brother's safety, and the safety of their family. Dr. Bradley felt it would be of interest to the members of the church to read Mrs. Stone's letter and the one she enclosed from her brother, who lives with his family at Lake Charles, only a few miles from Cameron, La., where the 20-foot tidal wave, combined with the hurricane, caused such awful tragedy.)

Saturday, July 6, 1957.

Dear Dr. Bradley and June:

So many of our church friends have called me since the hurricane hit my folks and I have read to them the first and only letter that came through to me, and they have suggested I send the letter to you. The letter as you will see is from my young brother who attended church with us on February 3rd, together with the State Senator from Lake Charles.

You can imagine what I went through sitting here by the phone for days trying to reach them, to no avail. Thank God my mother was in Trinidad and missed being in it.

Very best wishes,

Fannette (Stone)

* * *

SOUTHERN EQUIPMENT AND TRACTOR COMPANY
Lake Charles, Louisiana, Branch.
Manager, C. M. (Jack) Jackson.

July 3, 1957

Dearest Fannette and Harry:

I am sure you are all anxious to hear from us since Audrey took her toll and I have finally found time to actually sit down and think—a little clearly, since last Thursday.

First of all, our home was not damaged severely like some were. We had minor damage to the roof, the gutters and television antenna were torn down; one broken window, carpet all wet, several doors which will not open nor shut, but we do have insurance that covers all but $50.00. We were without electricity for two days, but none of our meats in our deep freeze were ruined, for I had gotten dry ice and packed it well.

Lake Charles proper had quite a lot of damage, most of it due to trees blowing on houses, cars, etc. Some roofs were completely blown off. You can look around from our house and not find one roof that is not damaged. My Company car had the windshield shattered, but our personal car was not hurt at all.

Conflicting reports have been given as to why people stayed in Cameron Parish. However, the true story is that predictions were that the hurricane would hit eight hours later than it actually did, and they were in the process of preparing to leave when it struck. Lots of them did not plan to leave, but of course they had no idea that a 20-foot tidal wave would accompany

Audrey. Approximately thirty to forty thousand are homeless, and thousands of cattle, horses, etc., are floating down the canal, and in the streets.

I left here Friday morning, after the hurricane hit Thursday, and went into Cameron to help first, in getting out the living, and then the dead. I have never experienced anything like it in my life;—it was certainly worse than anything I witnessed in the war overseas. The odor was so terrible that I could hardly bear it. I could not eat for days and lost 18 pounds.

There is not one single building left in Cameron Parish except the Court House in Cameron. I personally took out 72 bodies by boat and helicopter, and when I got to them I could not tell whether they were white or black. We have had two mass burials and will have to have numerous more. I worked in conjunction with the Sheriff's Dept. and the State Police. I am sure the death toll will exceed 1000 when it is all over. Some draglines that I had sold in Cameron Parish were gone. I assume that the wind and water took them into the Gulf.

Our conditions in Lake Charles are good. Our water was never contaminated and we have not been short of food. I have taken all kinds of shots, and we kept Bette and the children inside. I can never explain how awful this thing really was, and I just pray to the good Lord that no one will ever have to experience it again. Incidentally, I moved the first bulldozer into Cameron to clear the roads Sunday. I just cannot go back there again for I can't stand the odor and sights any more. Four days and nights were all that I could take.

I know that all of you are just as grateful to God that we are still here to tell about it, as we actually are. So now let us hear from each of you just as soon as you can write.

Our love,

Jack, Bette and Children.

The Mother Love of God

(*Continued from page* 13)

last, it becomes sensitive to evil! And so motherhood becomes a great sacrament of love both human and divine! Creative love travailing in the human world—life-blood, strength—yielding itself up for the sake of the weaker ones, a sacrament of creative love that shall bring the full fellowship of humanity into being and shall travail even in pain until it brings the true democracy, Son of Man and Son of God, to birth.

"If I were damned of body and soul, mother o' mine, oh mother o' mine, I know whose prayers would make me whole, mother o' mine, oh mother o' mine!" "As one whom his mother's love comforteth and redeemeth, so will I comfort and redeem you, saith our God"!

Let us pray: Oh God, we thank Thee for Thy love which draws our souls to Thee; we thank Thee for the unseen worshippers who join with us in prayer and praise! Let Thy blessing be on every home; let Thy presence be felt by every worshipping group; let every lonely listener feel the bonds of our invisible fellowship and the spiritual uplift of our prayer! We come before Thee as Thy children! Strengthen us by Thy fatherly power and heal us by Thy mothering love, for we would pray as Thy children.

(*Continued from page 7*)

are going to live in Londonderry, Ireland, where his firm, the DuPont Company, is going to build a large factory. I hope to visit them some day in Ireland. He loaned me Dr. Buttrick's great book on "Prayer," which I am going to read tonight after I have retired. He also gave me a copy of the "Portable World Bible," which is a collection from readings from the eight great world religions.

I have lost my Parker Pen with which I do all of my writing and he gave me two fine ball-points, which I deeply appreciate. They are fine people and I am delighted to have met them.

I am also enjoying brief visits as we meet about the ship with Mrs. Robert Vanderpool, the wife of the late columnist for the Chicago American. I knew Mr. Vanderpool intimately. Finance was his field and his column on Economics was widely read. He met an untimely death in the Orient while on a mission of studying the economic situation for the Chicago American. Mrs. Vanderpool is traveling with her sister and brother-in-law. She has made several trips to Europe with her husband and I know from a remark she made how lonely she is and how this trip brings back to her many happy memories. I can share with her the feelings of her heart.

Well, tomorrow night about midnight we shall drop anchor in the harbor of Cobh, Ireland!

Wednesday, 19th June.

Once again I have crossed the Atlantic! I have never had a smoother crossing. The Atlantic has been unusually kind. There has been some fog, but not an hour of rough weather. There have been many fine people on board and I have enjoyed our deck chats together. Today has largely been occupied by saying "goodbye." Over 300 passengers are getting off at Cobh; the others are going on to Liverpool. More than 1000 people have lived together in a limited area for a week and most of us will never meet again. This evening before dinner I went to my room and packed and changed to the clothes I am going to wear ashore.

About 7:00 tonight I saw the misty outlines of the Islands off the Irish Coast. Land birds and gulls have been surrounding the ship. We are not far from land. We passed the "America" and another passenger ship. I did not learn its name. Soon we were abreast of Fasnet Rock—that jet of rock 160 feet high, which sticks out of the ocean. One of the tallest lighthouses in the world is located on the rock. Mariners are always relieved when they see Fasnet. We were soon sailing up the Irish coast whose green decked hills brought tears to the eyes of many Irishmen returning to Ireland for a visit. Some of them haven't been home in over thirty years.

I watched the night deepen and the dim outline of the rugged coast fade in the darkness. I went to bed knowing that about midnight we would drop anchor in Cobh Bay. We logged 2,953 miles in seven days. The sturdy, comfortable and happy ship "Britannic" will always hold happy memories for me. I turn out my cabin light with a prayer of gratitude for the safe arrival and that all is well with those I love at home. Tomorrow I land and once again will feel the lilt and the laughter, the tears and the heartache of the irresistible Irish—God bless 'em!

BOOK CHATS

CHILDREN of the Shadows, by Morris L. West; Doubleday & Company, July 18, 1957, $3.00. Please buy this book and read it. I say "buy it," because after you read it you must influence some friend to read it, and keep passing it on and talking about it until more and more Americans read it. If you have friends in another country, England, France, Germany, Scandinavia, wherever they are, tell them about it, or send it to them. Why? You will be bestowing on them a personal blessing.

How shall anyone tell you about *Children of the Shadows?* But you must read it, to soften any callousness of your heart—any happy assurance that you are comfortable and have a great feeling of security. Every human being should have some idea of what some other life is like—far different than his or her own. "Mr. West's indignant but still quite objective book . . . takes the lid off the social cesspool that Neapolitan poverty is, and then shakes a fist at nearly everybody who bears a measure of responsibility for it. For my part, I trust the book will start a good thundering electric storm." These are the words of George N. Shuster, President of Hunter College.

Five years ago, on a trip in Switzerland, a very loud-speaking American tourist who had just come from Italy and heard me speaking about the honesty of the Swiss people, began "sounding-off" about how different it would be if I went to Italy. She then spoke of thievery there and spoke of little children begging for American cigarets.

Children of the Shadows will give you some unsuspected reasons for both conditions. Morris West, the author, had nightmares which compelled him to write this book. The nightmares began in Naples. It is of southern Italy and the Neapolitans that he writes. The nightmares always involved his own little son. He would always see his son instead of the tragic little children of southern Italy; so he felt he must write this book to purge himself of the nightmares. Morris West is an Australian by birth. In recent years he has been living and writing in Europe.

In Naples there was a child he used to visit in the House of the Urchins, whose name was Antonino. Eight years old, but with a body so small and a face so pinched and pale you would have taken him for five or six. When Morris West came into the small and dusty courtyard where Antonino played with the other boys, he would leave the game immediately and run to Mr. West, arms outstretched, calling his name "Signor Mauro! Signor Mauro!" When Morris West took him in his arms, the boy would cling to him awhile, then he would beg him to sit down and tell him stories of the country where no one, no one at all, was hungry.

"Antonino was a 'scugnizzo,' a homeless, loveless child of the back alleys of Naples.

"He didn't belong to Naples; he came from Rome. He had made the journey alone, on foot, sleeping in ditches, scavenging like an animal for

food, his feet bare, his clothes a mess of filthy rags. When he reached the outskirts of the city he had made a frightening journey through the mazes of the underground railway, and had come finally to rest on an iron grating in the Street of the Two Lepers. He had joined a gang of other waifs who lived by scavenging and pilfering and pimping for the girls in the casino.

"Each night he slept on a grating where the warm air drifted up from the baker's oven, or between the wheels of the vendor's cart or on the stone steps of an ancient church—until one night he was picked up and brought to the House of the Urchins.

"He was safe there and warm and loved, more than he had ever been loved in his life. His frail body began to strengthen and his tormented little mind began to calm itself. But he would never be a child again, and when he became a man he would always be different from other men because the scar of the streets was on him and the fear of the sunless days and the terror of the loveless nights."

Morris West put on rags and tattered shoes, grew a beard and made himself look as disreputable as possible in order to go about in the "bassi" where was the Street of the Two Lepers. He mingled with the Italians of the Mezzogiorno; with the people of the demimonde, where a family of ten may sleep in one big bed. In the chapter "See Naples and Die," you are introduced to all of that part of Naples which the tourist does not see —does not know about. Your heart will be torn, but you will want it to be torn, for you will read on.

We are introduced to Padre Mario Borelli, who threatens to leave the church unless he be allowed to become one of the disreputables of the "bassi" in order to have sufficient understanding and knowledge of these loveless children, the "scugnizzo," to eventually maintain a home for them and to win their love and trust.

The book is in two parts. Part one brings us down to live in the "bassi," the place where the poverty stricken, the pilferers, the buyers and sellers of contraband goods, the whoremongers live among whom also live the good-intentioned, loving, but poverty stricken families, out of which the scugnizzo and the women of the streets are spawned because of poverty and ignorance and eventual lovelessness.

In part two we are introduced to Padre Borelli and go with him down to the "bassi," while he worms his way into the hearts of the loveless boys. At the same time his friend Spada, another young priest, walks the streets looking for some old ruined building where they can make a shift of a home for the boys.

The book is written with a beauty and a talent for writing that makes it a joy and an adventure to read. Your throat will choke up and the tears will flow unannounced. "Light in the Darkness," or the story of the night when dear Padre Borelli takes off his filthy garments and dons his soutane or cassock, and goes back late at night, where the urchins are huddled in their wretched alley "bedchamber," and reveals to them that he is a priest is a classic and a Grimm's Fairy Tale all in one.

I must not reveal the ending of that chapter, or any more of the story itself. It is written by one who not only was inspired to write it from the deepest feelings of his inner being, but by a writer of great intelligence and love and by one who himself has been a teacher. The facts revealed in this book are not hearsay. Morris West has ferreted out the naked truth for

himself, at the very sources where he must go to find that truth. You will believe what he writes, though it might be past believing, and you will be entertained as you read—though I dislike to use the word "entertained," for one should never be entertained by a recitation of another's misery; yet you will be entertained.

There are 200,000 unemployed in Naples alone. 50,000 children in Naples will not be able to go to school. 50,000 illiterates a year in a European city of two million is a horrifying picture. There are so few schools in Naples that even those who attend the primary grades can only be accommodated for two or three hours a day. In some areas they attend three hours a day *every alternate day.*

In part three of the book the author treats of the Catholic Church in Italy and is cruelly frank in what he says, though he, himself, is a Catholic. I should say that Morris West is a very brave and very intelligent man, and this reader has great respect for him. He goes the whole way in telling of the graft all along the line—in government, in church, in politics, and how it overlaps in every one of these avenues. He tells what happens to American taxpayers' money that is supposed to help. And then he gives sound advice to Americans.

Morris West tells us the Communists don't have to work in Italy. They can sit back and let the signori work for them—using American dollars.

By contrast he tells us of one wonderful company in Naples that is doing great things for its employes—one company! And he has told us of Padre Borelli—one priest. One company and one priest, among the two million people of Naples!

In chapter three of the "Cosa Fare? —What to do About It?" part of the book the author suggests what Australia and the United States might do about it. That is interesting reading. Buy the book and see what we can do. Or maybe you will have some individual idea of what you can do.

On Morris West's last night in Naples he took his young friend Peppino to dinner. Morris had just told Peppino of some of his travels. Peppino said: "You see how it is, Mauro? For you all this is possible because of this land in which you were born."

Morris grinned wryly and answered, that it wasn't as easy as all that. He, too, had to work and save and plan. If his books didn't sell well, he'd probably end up washing dishes in a London pub. But Peppino shook his head:

"It is not what I mean, Mauro—and you know it. The difference between you and me is that you *can* work and you can save and you can look forward to all these things. For us there is little work, no saving and no hope at all. The difference comes because you were born in one country and I in another. It is very simple." And the author comments: "Simple indeed; yet how tragically complex when you tried to change the balance and give as much justice to Peppino from Naples as to Mauro from Sydney."

When Mauro of Australia tries to explain to Peppino of the South of Italy what the difference is between the two of them which makes it almost impossible for people from the South of Italy to be admitted to another country, one's heart aches for Peppino in his feeling of utter helplessness. Their own country offers them nothing.

The doors of other countries open slowly or not at all. "They live where progress stands still."

There are tears of appreciation for Peppino at the very close, and hope for every boy whom someone will take sufficient interest in to help.

Surely the author and the publisher will forgive me if I quote the entire

ENVOI

"Now, I am come to the end of my book, which is the book of the Urchins of Naples.

"I have written it with love, with indignation—and often with terror.

"I have written it for the children who have no voice, for the dead who are voiceless, too.

"Good, bad or indifferent, it is one man's tilt at indifference, injustice and the evil done to the children. It is one man's homage to the good he has found, and the men in whom it is personified.

"If it dies unread, so be it. But let it die from lack of talent in the writer, not from lack of love in the human family, nor from want of belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man."

* * *

Read this book, if you read nothing else this month. Neglect *all* other reading until you have read it. Let the newspaper go—let the TV keep silent —shut off the radio. What will this book do for you? It will enlarge the heart of every one who reads it. You will ever after have greater understanding and a kinder heart toward all men. In addition to that you will talk about it to someone else. Public opinion has done much before. It might do much again. And in time, who knows? A miracle might just happen!

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

OUR readers might be interested to know that with four other people, bound for a Convention at Houston, Texas, I left Midway Airport after midnight on the Wednesday night in June when "Audrey" hurricane warnings were being broadcast. We actually left Midway Airport at 1:55 a.m. Thursday and were flown to Memphis where we were to have changed planes for a direct flight to Houston. Arrived at Memphis, we were told we were being flown to Shreveport, La., and would be notified "what next" when we arrived there, as no planes were being flown in to Houston. When we left the plane at Shreveport, we discovered that in order to get to Houston before midnight on Thursday, we must with all speed get to the bus station and travel seven hours by bus.

A worried group met us in the lobby of the Shamrock Hilton Hotel in Houston, for they knew of course that no planes were being flown into Houston, and we had not had time to wire them. I had been concerned over the delay as I had a Workshop coming up the next day at which I was to preside. All this time and while our Convention was going on, the awful events were happening as told in the letter from Mrs.

Stone's brother Jack, published on page 14. He was working at the scene of awful disaster for four days. Some of us stayed over after the Convention and on Monday drove down to Galveston and back. Then on Tuesday four of us drove to New Orleans, passing through the bayou country and seeing much of the kind of devastation that Fannette's brother reports of in Lake Charles. In fact, it was at St. Charles that we took a road a little to the north, because roads were more certain to be open and travel would be quicker. We saw crews of men working to put up light and telephone poles in stretches of a couple miles or more at a time. We saw much roof damage, out-buildings of various kinds down, trees laid flat, and a great many of the enormous billboards along all roads blown down. We stopped for lunch and could get no milk as there was no electricity for the freezers and frigidaires. The lunchroom was entirely filled with linemen who were working along the road.

My own division really brought home some important prizes from that Convention. We won second prize for our Project Exhibit; second prize for the most members secured during Division Governor's month; one of our chapters won the first prize ($50) for sending in the best program of the year; one of our men, William Edwards, Jr., of our Evanston Chapter, won the International Speech Contest (which meant he had won in his chapter, his district, his division, in the central area of the United States and in the International); and the writer was elected one of the four Vice-Presidents of Dale Carnegie Club International, and is now a member of the International Board of Directors. Naturally, when we got home we held a big celebration of the whole District on a Tuesday night in July, at Stouffer's Restaurant at Randolph and Wabash.

* * *

On May 7th, Dr. Bradley officiated at the funeral of Mr. Fernand de Gueldre, famous photographer, who had photographed among others, Mary Garden, Maude Adams, Mary Pickford, Ruth Draper, Carl Sandburg, Frank Lloyd Wright, John McCutcheon, Mrs. Ogden Armour and many others including Dr. Bradley. On May 12th Dr. Bradley received the following letter from William Russell Button:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

May I express to you on behalf of all those concerned our very deep gratitude for the beautiful service given at the funeral of our friend Fernand de Gueldre.

It was a fitting tribute to this poetic soul and he would have been very pleased. As someone remarked it was as eloquent and moving a service as they had ever heard.

In going through his effects we came upon these photographs of yourself and I am sending them as I know you will be pleased to have them both for their own sake and as a memento of an artistic soul who sought to interpret life in its highest sense.

With warmest thanks and regards.

* * *

Many people in the outlying areas and towns and even from the West and East Coast, shortly after Dr. Bradley's 45th Anniversary celebration, saw reports of it in their newspapers and wrote him. Such a letter follows; it has interesting reminiscences:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This letter is a little late in coming to you, but the message is none the less sincere.

Bob and I saw your picture in the Tribune on April 2nd and we, too,

want to add our belated congratulations to you, whom we have always very much admired.

You may remember us. You came out and took part in the dedication of the Jackson Park Bird Sanctuary years ago. My husband, Bob Smart, established that sanctuary and we talked to you on several occasions when Bob was State President of the Izaak Walton League and you used to come out to the Woodlawn Chapter and talk for our group.

We were showing some of our home movies recently and couldn't help but notice that you looked pretty much the same then as you did in your recent news photo. You surely haven't changed much.

You christened our daughter Barbara, who is now 19—and our 16-year-old always has been disappointed that we didn't have you christen her. Bob is now Assistant Manager of the "Y" Hotel at 826 So. Wabash.

Our best to you always.

Sincerely,

Vera and Bob Smart.

* * *

This next letter may refer to the Wooster, Ohio Commencement, the Horicon one or to a commencement at Henry, Illinois. The envelope which contained the address has been misplaced, but we think the letter came from Ohio:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Listening to your address this evening took Mrs. Malwitz and myself back to Sunday, March 17, 1935, when you performed our marriage ceremony in your Study at Peoples Church in Chicago. We have often told the story about the ring being dropped that afternoon and how it very nearly broke up a very solemn affair.

We would like to say "hello" to you this evening, but knowing that your schedule is quite full, we will just leave this note to wish you many more years of success.

Certainly all the youngsters in the graduating class this evening must have received some measure of inspiration from your address. We feel sure that they will remember this evening as do all of us who have experienced graduation.

With all best wishes,

Karl and Kathryn Malwitz.

* * *

Dear Miss Smalley:

When I received the June, 1957, copy of "The Liberalist," it wasn't long before I had read through, with great interest, to page 19, where I found the very nice article you wrote under the caption "The Radio Mail Bag."

The beginning of it brought back a very vivid picture of a Commencement that will always stand out as one of our best—out-of-doors, in our amphitheatre, and with Dr. Preston Bradley as our speaker. His address was a most impressive one, and made a lasting impression on the minds and hearts of all those who heard him. He is indeed a human "dynamo," converting the minds of all his listeners to channels of thinking on a higher plane, as they follow the trend of his soul-stirring messages.

Then to re-read the story of "Fannie" in this article made me know that the vast number of readers of this little magazine will become acquainted with a living example of "where there's a will there's a way."

Thank you for your interest and thoughtfulness.

Sincerely yours,

Laurence C. Jones.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School (From September 15th to August 1st) ..... 9:30 a.m.
Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education.
Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent

Sunday Morning Service.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Morning Service Broadcast, WAIT..... 1:00 to 2:00 p.m.

Vesper Broadcast, WCFL (Opens Oct. 6)..... 5:30 p.m.

Sunday Evening Service, November to Easter..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures, November to Easter, 1st Weds. of month.... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Opening Luncheon, Anderson Hall, Monday, September 23rd, Dr. Preston Bradley, Guest speaker; Mrs. Preston Bradley, Honored Guest....12:00 noon

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Opening Dinner, Lewis Towers, 830 N. Michigan Avenue, Wednesday, September 25th. Dr. Preston Bradley, Guest speaker; Mrs. Preston Bradley, Honored Guest..... 6:30 p.m.

Men's Club—Opening Meeting, Anderson Hall, Tuesday, September 24th, Dr. Preston Bradley, Guest speaker..... 8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director. *In Memoriam.*

Channing Club for young adults, first and third Sundays ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed ..... 9:30 p.m.

Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WAIT—Every Sunday.....1:00 to 2:00 p.m.

WCFL—Sunday Vesper Broadcast (Opens Oct. 6th)..... 5:30 p.m.

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